

Aug 16, 1883

State Library

# THE BANNER ENTERPRISE

SMITH, MEANE & WILLIAMSON.

"GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES."

Editors and Publishers.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883.

NO. 20

## RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. N. C. DIVISION. Condensed Schedule.

### TRAINS GOING EAST.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 51 Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Goldsboro.....	5:55 a.m.	4:55 p.m.
Leave Salisbury.....	6:44 a.m.	5:44 p.m.
Leave High Point.....	7:05 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
Leave Greensboro.....	7:45 a.m.	8:00 p.m.
Leave Durham.....	10:05 a.m.	12:14 p.m.
Leave Hillsboro.....	12:54 p.m.	12:54 p.m.
Leave Raleigh.....	2:10 p.m.	2:10 p.m.
Leave Charlotte.....	2:25 p.m.	2:25 p.m.
Leave Goldsboro.....	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.

### No. 10—Daily except Sunday.

Leave Goldsboro.....	6:20 a.m.
Leave Raleigh.....	2:48 p.m.
Leave Goldsboro.....	3:25 p.m.

### No. 31—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points north, east and west of Danville; at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina; at Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. daily, and at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all North, East and West.

### TRAINS GOING WEST.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 50 Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Goldsboro.....	1:05 p.m.	1:05 p.m.
Leave Raleigh.....	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Leave Durham.....	3:49 p.m.	3:49 p.m.
Leave Hillsboro.....	3:54 p.m.	3:54 p.m.
Leave Greensboro.....	3:59 p.m.	3:59 p.m.
Leave Salisbury.....	9:10 p.m.	10:11 a.m.
Leave High Point.....	9:20 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
Leave Raleigh.....	11:12 p.m.	12:16 p.m.
Leave Charlotte.....	1:10 a.m.	2:10 a.m.

### No. 10—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Goldsboro.....	5:00 a.m.
Leave Raleigh.....	9:00 a.m.
Leave Goldsboro.....	9:45 a.m.

### No. 30—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. R. R. for all points in the South and Southwest.

### No. 32—Connects at Charlotte with C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southeast.

### N. W. C. RAILROAD.

#### GOING WEST.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 50 Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Greensboro.....	9:45 p.m.	10:21 a.m.
Leave Kernersville.....	10:41 p.m.	11:20 a.m.
Leave Salem.....	11:10 p.m.	12:04 p.m.

#### GOING EAST.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 51 Daily.	No. 52 Daily.
Leave Salem.....	5:45 a.m.	5:40 p.m.
Leave Kernersville.....	6:20 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
Leave Greensboro.....	7:20 a.m.	7:00 p.m.

### STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

#### GOING NORTH.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 1 Daily.	No. 2 Daily.
Leave Chapel Hill.....	10:25 a.m.	12:16 a.m.
Leave University.....	12:16 a.m.	12:16 a.m.

#### GOING SOUTH.

DATE, MAY 20, 1883.	No. 2 Daily.	No. 1 Daily.
Leave University.....	12:16 a.m.	12:16 a.m.
Leave Chapel Hill.....	12:16 a.m.	12:16 a.m.

### PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR, WITHOUT CHANGE ON TRAINS 50 AND 51, BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ATLANTA.

Through tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte for all points South, Southwest, West, North and East. For Engrants rates to Louisiana, Arkansas and the Southwest, address  
T. M. R. YALOWITZ, M. SLAUGHTER,  
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RICHLAND, VA.

## MOTH-EATEN.

I had a beautiful garment,  
And laid it by with care;  
I folded it close with lavender leaves  
In a napkin fine and fair.  
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,  
"For one like me to wear."

So never at home or evening  
I put my garment on;  
I lay by itself under clasp and key  
In the perfume of dusk alone,  
Its wonderful brocade hidden  
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,  
There were friends who sat with me,  
And, clad in soberest raiment,  
I bore them company;  
I knew I owned the beautiful robe,  
Though its splendor none might see.

There where poor who stood at my portal,  
There were orphaned children my care;  
I gave them tenderest pity,  
But had nothing beside to spare;  
I had only the beautiful garment,  
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,  
I thought in my dress to shine;  
I would please myself with the luster  
Of its shifting colors fine;  
I would walk with pride in the marvel  
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—  
The lavender fold away—  
And on fold I held it up  
To the searching light of day.  
Alas! the glory had perished  
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty,  
Must seek for the use that seals  
To the grace of a constant blessing  
The beauty that use reveals.  
For into the folded robe alone,  
The moth with its blighting steals.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tampering with the mails—The coquette.  
What class of men have the most patience? Physicians, of course.  
Oh, meet me by moonlight alone  
Beneath the fresh young moon  
Who faintly when he heard the tone  
Of the dog in the back yard.

The collegian's passport: "No," said the college man, "I don't care a copper whether I get a degree or not; I've got my skull-and-crossbones pin and that's a passport into any society."  
—Boston Transcript.

He who says a "pair of stairs" means only one stairs. He who speaks of a ladder might just as consistently say a "pair of ladders." It is only when you tumble downstairs that the steps double on you.

"Is that about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber, as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response; "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

## THY LOVE.

It brightens all the cruel gloom  
That closes round me like a tomb,  
And fills my heart with summer bloom.

It makes me quite forget the pain  
That grief has wrought within my brain,  
And brings a flash of joy again.

It makes the darkest night to me  
More clear than ever day can be,  
For in my dreams I am with thee.

—Jenny T. Bigelow, in Harper.

## ON THE SHEEP RANCH.

### A MONTANA SKETCH.

A driving, blinding snow, the sky  
Jark and sullen, a wild wind sweeping  
over the plains, the mountains quite  
hidden from view by the storm.

Zara threw away pine logs on the  
fire, drew together the red chintz curtains  
at the small window of her "best  
room," and tried to make things a trifle  
cozier in the ranch cabin.

"Father will soon be home," she  
said—she had fallen into the habit of  
talking to herself in this lonely  
country, this "new, far-West." "He  
will put the sheep in the corral early  
to-night—it is so stormy."

A small clock on a shelf, which  
served as a mantel, and which was  
draped with some simple but pretty  
chintz, like the curtain, struck four.

Zara sighed a little as she heard it.  
How many times had she listened to  
that same silvery chime—it was a  
pretty little French clock—in happier  
days in the dear East! Its musical  
sound recalled so much!—brought  
back the pretty, old-fashioned New  
England home so plainly.

How her dreams had turned out!  
When her father came to her one fall  
day and said very gravely, "Zara, I  
have lost money. This place must be  
sold. I shall go West," her heart had  
beaten with foolish joy. She had  
dreamed so often of the West; she  
knew it was a paradise, so free and  
wild. "Roughing it" would be so  
very pleasant! Had she not read in  
books about it? So she had only  
smiled at her father's grave face and  
exclaimed: "I am so glad we are going  
West! We shall make our fortune  
there, I know."

She was younger then—barely seven-  
teen. She was twenty-two now—  
had been "roughing it" five years.  
She was wiser.

The lovely New England home had  
been sold, all debts paid—for Zara  
Josslyn's father was strictly honorable—  
and father and daughter had sought  
the West—the great, undeveloped ter-  
ritory of Montana. Mr. Josslyn's re-  
maining capital, which was not large,  
had been invested in sheep.

The years came and went—the little  
flock of sheep grew larger, and  
money came in a little more plentifully;  
but Mr. Josslyn had not made "a for-  
tune" yet, and life on a ranch was not  
easy. Zara pined, secretly, for the  
East. She hated those desolate plains,  
the barren "foot-hills," the deeply-  
furrowed, snowy mountains, so different  
from the wooded New England hills.

Again the little gilt clock chimed—  
this time, five.

"I wonder father does not come!"  
exclaimed Zara, rising from a low  
foot-stool by the fire, where she had  
been sitting thinking for the last hour.  
She went to the window, and parting  
the curtains vainly tried to peer  
through the darkness. The wind  
moaned and wailed, the snow blew  
against the window-pane. Zara shivered  
and drew back. As she did so  
she caught the sound of voices. Lamp  
in hand she hurried to the door.

"Go right in," she heard her father  
say; "don't wait for me. Just tell  
her you are from the East—that will  
be sufficient recommendation!"

Then Zara saw her father turn  
toward the barn leading another horse  
beside his own, and a tall man, well  
muffled, came striding up the path  
from the gate-way.

"May I come in?" asked the stran-  
ger, pausing for a moment at the door  
and raising a fur cap.

"Certainly," replied Zara, and re-  
treated into the warm, fire-lit room.

The tall man followed, and quickly  
divesting himself of his snow-covered  
outer wrappings, drew near the blaz-  
ing fire.

"My name is Storey—William Storey,"  
he said, smiling; "and your father  
advises me to tell you that I am  
from the East."

Zara smiled also. "Father knows  
how glad I am always to see any one  
from home," she said.

"I have been in Montana, however,  
all this fall," Mr. Storey went on to  
say, "and I come here nearly every fall  
to hunt. Montana is good hunting  
ground. But I have lingered a little  
too long among the Rockies this time;  
winter has overtaken me."

"It is our first real snowstorm, but  
it makes one feel it ought to be Janu-  
ary instead of November!" Zara said,  
with a sigh, as a gust of wind beat  
wildly against the ranch cabin.

"You do not like the West?" asked  
her companion, glancing up at the  
young girl's somewhat sad face.

"No; I thought I should like it, but  
it is very disappointing." Then sud-  
denly, her face kindled. "Have you  
ever been in Maine? Have you ever  
passed through a little town called  
Laurel?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, to both questions," replied  
Storey, again smiling. "I stopped  
over night once at Laurel, on my way  
to Mount Desert one summer. It is a  
lovely little nook."

"Oh, is it not?" cried the young  
girl, with almost a quiver in her voice.  
"I lived there once. I was so happy  
there!"

As she spoke her father threw open  
the front door and came in, well  
whitened by the storm.

Zara hastened to help him off with  
his great, shaggy, buffalo-skin coat, and  
then drew another chair to the fire for  
him.

Almost her first words were:  
"Father, Mr. Storey has been to  
Laurel!"

Mr. Josslyn laughed.  
"You couldn't have been to a better  
place, according to this foolish child,"  
he said, addressing his guest.

Then Zara slipped away, leaving the  
two men to enjoy the crackling pine  
logs while she prepared something hot  
for supper. In a short time she re-  
appeared and said:

"We use our kitchen for a dining-  
room. Will you come to supper, please?"  
Storey rose immediately, and with his  
host followed the young girl into a  
low-ceiled but exquisitely neat room.

Zara presided at the head of the  
small round dining-table, and poured  
fragrant coffee into quaint, real china  
cups.

"These came from home," she said,  
proudly, as she handed William Storey  
one of the dainty blue and white treas-  
ures.

The evening was spent in pleasant  
chatting, and passed so delightfully to  
the young girl that she fairly started at  
the little clock when it struck 11.

A bed was made up in the "best  
room," as Mr. Josslyn's cramped shed-  
room, opening, as Zara's did, out of  
the kitchen, was not deemed suffi-  
ciently comfortable for the guest. And  
when William Storey fell asleep that  
night he dreamed of the little red-  
curtained room in which he lay, and  
saw Zara's pretty, girlish face with the  
fire-glow upon it, just as he had seen  
it when awake.

The next morning the sun shone  
brightly, but all about the ranch lay  
the snow in gleaming white drifts.

"You had better remain with us to-  
day," said Mr. Josslyn after breakfast,  
glancing out the window as he spoke.

"I should like to," said Storey, "but  
I think I ought to go back to Boze-  
man. My room-mate (another Eastern  
man, Miss Josslyn) will be looking  
for me. If you will let me, I will ride  
out in a day or two and see you again,  
for next week I go home."

Zara gave a little longing sigh at his  
last words. He was going home.  
How she wished she could go!

Later she stood with her father in  
the doorway and watched their guest  
depart. The sunlight fell full upon  
her wistful young face, and Storey  
thought how very pretty she was as he  
rode away.

In a few days he returned, as he had  
said he would. Zara received him  
with evident pleasure.

"Father has gone to look after the  
sheep," she said, "but he will be home  
to dinner. He will be very glad to see  
you, I know."

Storey sat down on the rude, home-  
made lounge, and Zara took her  
favorite seat, the foot-bench by the  
fire.

"I go home to-morrow," said Storey  
—go home, I mean, to your dear  
East," smilingly.

"So soon!" cried the young girl.  
"I am coming back next fall—for  
another hunt. May I come and see  
you then?"

"You will never come," said Zara  
simply.

"I will never come! Why?" asked  
the young man in surprise.

"You will forget all about us in that  
time—a whole year from now!"

"Suppose I don't forget, will you be  
glad to see me when I come?" inquired  
Storey with sudden eagerness, and  
leaning toward Zara so as to get a  
better view of her half-averted face.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see you,"  
the answer sounded a little cold,  
but Storey was not dissatisfied, some-  
how.

It was late in the day—not until  
after dinner, some time that the young  
man took his departure. He rode away  
with no little reluctance, and Zara  
lingered long in the doorway watching  
him.

The short Montana summer was  
barely over—the cottonwood trees  
were still yellow—and the air was yet  
quite warm and pleasant, and one af-  
ternoon, toward sunset, Zara looked up  
from her sewing and saw a tall, hand-  
some man coming toward the house on  
horseback.

"Miss Josslyn!" cried a well-re-  
membered voice.

Zara rose, trembling a little, from  
the doorsteps where she had been sit-  
ting. She wore quite a joyous ex-  
pression. Storey thought, secretly  
pleased, as he left his horse to graze  
by the gate and hastened toward the  
young girl.

"Are you glad to see me?" he in-  
quired, eagerly, taking Zara's hand.

"You know I am glad!" she ex-  
claimed, her face flushing under his  
earnest gaze. "Father and I have  
talked of you so often," she went on;  
"you know our life is so quiet and  
monotonous here that your coming to  
us last fall was quite an event."

"I am very glad. My coming to  
you was quite an event to me, I assure  
you. In all my ramblings across the  
gay season at the seaside this summer,  
even—I could not get this lonely little  
ranch out of my head, somehow.  
Your wistful face haunted me—indeed  
it did! I grew unreasonably impatient  
to see—well, Montana again. I tried  
to reason with myself: you had for-  
gotten me, most likely, I thought; but  
in vain! I pictured you about your  
every-day life—could see the shadow  
deepening in your eyes—and one day  
I cried aloud: 'It is a shame for so  
young a creature to be buried.' And  
a few hours later I was on the train,  
bound for Montana."

William Storey had spoken with no  
little eagerness and excitement, and  
as Zara sat beside him on the steps,  
and listened, her cheeks had grown a  
deeper crimson.

At length she said, her voice a little  
unsteady:

"I am so glad you did come back,"  
she said, "I came back, im-  
pulsively, 'I came back to tell you I  
love you.' I think I must have loved  
you before I left you last fall, but I

had always scorned the very idea,  
even, of love at first sight, and I had  
only met you twice. But when once  
away from you—separated from you,  
with thousands of miles between us—I  
became impatient to see you. Your  
"dear East" had no charm for me. I  
longed for your lonely ranch; I reas-  
oned with myself many times, but it  
was of no use—I realized that I loved  
you; I was foolish enough, Zara, to  
think I could teach you to love me."

The sun had quite gone now, the  
mountains shone darkly purple against  
the clear amber of the sky, the air was  
fresh and just a little chill. Zara  
shivered; from excitement though,  
more than cold.

"Have you nothing to say to me?  
Is my case then so hopeless a one?"  
asked William Storey, taking one of  
the young girl's hands in his and look-  
ing gravely in her face.

"Will you not be sorry for this?  
Are you quite sure it is love, not pity,  
you feel for me?" Zara ventured,  
tremulously.

"I shall never be sorry—I love you!  
Pity would not cause me to ask you to  
be my wife! All I want to make me  
as perfectly happy as one can be in  
this world is your love. Can you—  
will you—learn to love me, Zara?"

"I do love you!"

The sunset glow faded; the stars  
gleamed out; a great, yellow moon  
rose over the eastern hills and flooded  
the valley with a brilliant light.

When Mr. Josslyn returned home he  
was considerably surprised. There  
was no supper ready; the fire in the  
"best room" was not lit, as it was  
wont to be these cool fall evenings;  
the front door stood wide open, and  
Zara—usually prudent Zara—was  
sitting on the steps, bare-headed,  
utterly regardless of the night air,  
talking very earnestly to William  
Storey!

Only one short year, yet what a  
change it had made in Zara's young  
life! No longer, when she looked  
from her window, did she see desolate,  
bleak, sage-grown plains, belted by  
snow-crowned mountains. A most  
lovely flower garden, framed in by  
meadow lands, yellow with goldenrod,  
through which ran a clear little brook,  
and bounded by blue, wooded hills in  
the distance, met her delighted eye.

How very happy she was!

Almost a year had she been William  
Storey's wife; almost a year since the  
quiet little wedding at Bozeman had  
taken place, and she had left the great  
territory—the wild "new far-West"—  
forever. She was in Laurel now—in  
her old home, bought for her by her  
husband shortly after their arrival  
East.

Soon Zara's father was coming to her;  
that was another pleasure in store for  
her. The sheep—quite a numerous  
flock now—were to be left with a com-  
petent herder, Mr. Josslyn having  
everything arranged to his satisfaction.

The fortune predicted by Zara in  
her girlish enthusiasm had not quite  
been realized as yet, but Mr. Josslyn  
was by no means a poor man any  
longer, and was heard often to assert  
triumphantly that "a sheep ranch is  
certainly a paying investment if well  
managed!"—The Continent.

## Pat Out of Their Misery.

A recent very shocking accident,  
where a railway engineer was thrown  
under an engine by an accident in such  
a manner that extrication was impos-  
sible, and who lay in the agonies of  
suffering, his lower limbs roasting,  
releases some odd queries as to the duty  
of a bystander when the sufferer  
should beg to "put him out of his  
misery." The famous Ambrose Pare,  
the sixteenth century surgical genius  
who did so much toward abolishing  
the preposterous methods of practice  
he found prevailing, writes, when re-  
lating campaign experiences: "I en-  
tered a stable, thinking to lodge my  
own and my friend's horse, where I  
found three soldiers leaning against  
the wall, their faces wholly disfigured  
and their clothes burned with gun-  
powder. While I gazed at them  
with pity, they happened to come  
along a old soldier who asked me  
if it were possible to cure them.  
I told him: 'No.' He presented  
ly approached them and gently en-  
quired their names. I told him he was  
a wicked man. He replied that he  
prayed to God that whenever he  
should be in such a case he might find  
some one who would do as much for  
him, that he might not miserably lan-  
guish." Again, in "Passages of an  
Eventful Life," by a private soldier,  
we read: "A poor fellow of the  
Eighty-eighth, who had been severely  
wounded and seemed to suffer excru-  
ciating agony, begged of those who  
passed him to put him out of torture.  
Although from the nature of his  
wound there was no possibility of his  
surviving, yet none felt inclined to  
comply with his request, until a Ger-  
man of the sixteenth, after hesitating  
a few moments, raised his rifle, and  
putting the muzzle of it to the suf-  
ferer's head fired the contents through  
it. Whether this deed deserved praise  
or blame, I leave others to determine."  
—American.

## He Loaned on Call.

He was a Buffalo man. The school-  
teacher had been talking about finance  
to her scholars, and young John came  
home to ask: "Father, is there such  
a thing as a call loan?" "Yes, of  
course."

"Well, what is it?" "Why,  
old Swipes, the d-d-d, comes busting  
in just fifty more—hand it back  
next day—and I'm foot enough to lend  
it." "Yes," "I wait two weeks,  
need the money, and call at his office.  
He isn't in. I call again, he is out. I  
call forty or fifty times, always miss  
him, call to him on the street and he  
doesn't hear, call him a dead-beat, and  
that ends it. There's the call and  
there's the loan, and here's the idiot.  
That's all!"—Wall Street News.

## THE BAD BOY GETS A FROG.

### AND PUTS THE LITTLE JUMPER IN HIS PA'S BED.

The Old Gentleman Thinks He Is Struck  
With Paralysis and Yells Six Kinds of  
Murder.

"Uncle Ezra says pa used to play  
tricks on everybody," remarked the  
bad boy to the grocery man. "I may  
be mean, but I never played jokes on  
blind people, as pa did when he was a  
boy. Uncle Ezra says once there was  
a party of four blind vocalists, all girls,  
gave an entertainment at the town  
where pa lived, and they stayed at the  
hotel where pa tended bar. Another  
thing, I never sold rum, either, as pa  
did. Well, before the blind vocalists  
went to bed, pa caught a lot of frogs  
and put them in the beds where the  
girls were to sleep, and when the poor  
blind girls got into bed the frogs  
hopped all over them, and the way  
they got out was a caution. It is bad  
enough to have frogs hopping all over  
girls that can see, but for girls that are  
deprived of their sight, and don't know  
what anything is, except by the feeling  
of it, it looks to me like a pretty tough  
joke. I guess pa is sorry now for  
what he did, 'cause when Uncle Ezra  
told the frog story, I brought home a  
frog and put it in pa's bed. Pa has been  
afraid of paralysis for years, and when  
his leg or anything gets asleep, he  
thinks that is the end of him. Before  
bedtime I turned the conversation onto  
paralysis, and told about a man about  
pa's age having it on the west side,  
and pa was nervous, and soon after he  
retired I guess the frog wanted to get  
acquainted with pa, 'cause pa yelled  
six kinds of murder, and we went into  
his room. You know how cold a frog  
is. Well, you'd a d-d-d to see pa. He  
laid still and said his end had come,  
and Uncle Ezra asked him if it was  
the end with a head, or the feet,  
and pa told him paralysis had marked  
him for a victim, and he could feel  
that his left leg was becoming dead.  
He said he could feel the cold, clammy  
hand of death walking up him, and he  
wanted ma to put a bottle of hot  
water to his feet. Ma got the bottle  
of hot water and put it to pa's feet,  
and the cork came out and paid said  
he was dead sure enough, now, be-  
cause he was hot in the extremities,  
and that a cold wave was going up his  
leg. Ma asked him where the cold  
wave was, and he told her, and she  
thought she would rub it, but she  
began to yell the same kind of murder  
pa did, and she said a snake had gone  
up her sleeve. Then I thought it was  
time to stop the circus, and I reached  
up ma's leg sleeve and caught the  
frog by the leg and pulled it out, and  
told pa I guessed he had taken my  
frog to bed with him, and I showed it  
to him, and then he said I did it, and  
a boy that would do such a thing  
would go to perdition as sure as  
preachin', and I asked him if he  
thought a man who put frogs in the  
beds with blind girls, was a bad  
boy, would go to heaven, and then he  
told me to lie out, and I lit. I guess  
pa will feel better when Uncle Ezra  
tells too much about old times. Well,  
he comes our baby wagon, and I  
guess pa has done penance long enough,  
and I will go and